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FALLS OF THE FENDER.

BLAIR ATHOLL CASTLE, AND THE FALLS OF THE FENDER.

In these retreats, which the Majesty of England now honours, and to which, in consequence, all eyes are naturally turned, the castle where her Majesty resides is not that grim, frowning structure which imagination would picture in "the stormy north." As the visitor approaches from Ben-y-glo, interminable downs and majes-

tic hills meet the eye. Their wide extent reminds him of the Ettrick Shepherd's description of a portion of the country with which he was familiar, and which, valuable as it was, owed all its importance to the sheep dog, but for whose sagacity, strength, and activity, unassisted man could make no use of the boundless tracks which are now among the unfailing sources of abundance and national wealth. But not on their

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proud eminences does the eye find the present abode of royalty. Descending from the summit of the "Heaven-kissing Hill," it gradually declines, and at length, in the smiling vale, the princely seat of the Atholl family appears. All around seems to invite the mind, weary of the toilsome cares of life, to enjoy luxurious repose. Noble firs clothe some of the adjacent hills to their summits, while those of others are lost in a blue mist, such as, according to Gibbon, from their threatening and impracticable aspect were sufficient to turn aside the Roman conquerors from penetrating far into the wilds of Caledonia. The scene is one of extraordinary magnificence. We quote from the *Illustrated News*:—"At all hours of the day—from the early morning, when the summits of the hills are hidden in mists, to the night when the hills form a grand amphitheatre enclosing the domain—the scene is beautiful in the extreme. Blair Castle is by no means the castellated structure which its name imports. It is a large, straggling, and irregular building, which, upon a near approach, arranges itself into a central mansion of three stories, extending to the width of eight windows in front, and two in depth, without any architectural pretensions, the battlements and bastions with which it was formerly surmounted and flanked having been long since swept away, in order to disarm it of the importance attached to it in the feudal times, as the key of the pass into the northern Highlands, and commanding the valley and pass of Killiecrankie. On the left of the main building, and nearer the high road from Perth to Inverness, is a long and low range of buildings, which contains many large and convenient apartments, in which ample accommodation has been found for her Majesty's suite and attendants. Behind these are extensive offices and stabling, all built in the most plain and unpretending style, which is the character of the whole edifice, although there are several spacious and magnificent apartments on the basement and principal story, furnished in excellent taste. The castle fronts the south, and although environed on all sides by lofty hills, is situated on a high range of table land, which is completely shut out from the lower valley of the Tay by the mountains forming the defile of Killiecrankie. Although there are few trees, and those of small size, in the neighbourhood of the castle, all the mountains around are covered nearly to their summits with wood, the dark and majestic forest of Athol forming, with the lofty and cloud-capped range of the Grampians in the distance, a splendid background to the picture. The main entrance, from which the castle is distant about half-a-mile, fronts the high road from Perth, and is a

massive turreted structure, one of the few remaining relics of the old feudal times. The scenery in the neighbourhood is extremely wild and romantic: deep ravines through which the mountain streams find their way to the Tummel or the Garey; lofty cataracts appearing at a distance like silver threads running down the precipitous sides of the mountains; dark masses of larch and fir, and the bold and naked crags towering above all, form a combination of natural beauties which have rendered this portion of the Highlands deservedly celebrated.

"The historical recollections connected with the castle are extremely interesting. In 1644 it was besieged by Montrose, who experienced a very unexpected resistance on the part of the brave men by whom it was garrisoned, which compelled him to retire. In 1655, Colonel Daniel, one of Oliver Cromwell's generals, marched against it with a numerous and well-appointed army, and eventually succeeded in taking it by storm. It afterwards, when under the command of Sir Andrew Agnew, stood a long and vigorous siege against the troops of the Pretender immediately preceding the battle of Culloden, which compelled the assailing party to raise the siege. But the most striking event in which it formed a prominent part was the well-known and bloody battle of Killiecrankie between Lord Dundee and the Government forces, under the command of General Mackay. The castle, with the rides and dries surrounding it, has an air of the most perfect seclusion and repose. The gardens extend along the Tay, and command the most delightful and picturesque views. In the immediate vicinity, several thousand acres of forest trees were planted between forty and fifty years ago, greatly improving and ornamenting the scenery around the duke's domain. On the opposite side of the Tay is Birnam Hill, the lower part of which was covered with trees in the time of Macbeth, and now celebrated for its blue slate quarries."

Here the future historian will have to record on the 11th of September, 1844, Queen Victoria and her royal consort arrived, the revered and honoured guests of its noble owners, where a century before the most virulent hostility on the part of the ancestors of her present entertainer was felt towards the royal family of England. "What a change," exclaims the *Literary Gazette*, with rational amazement, "in a century. It is not quite a century since 'the Forty-five,' and here in sylvan retreat and Highland sports are a Queen of the detested house of Hanover, her German husband, and her child; in the very heart of the land of Stuart devotedness—

'Down by Lock Tummell and banks o' the Garey.'

A hundred years ago their lives would not have been worth a pin's fee; now they are all but worshipped by the same race of men, guarded like idols, the wild deer chased, and the loveliest green of all the Scottish glens, Glen Tilt, and the romantic falls of Bruar, 'promenaded' like Kensington and St. James's. What voices might the walls of Carlisle and the Tower and Temple-Bar of London utter, could the ghastly heads exhibited on them witness this strange scene! Who can look forward to 1844?"

That, perhaps, as *Horatio* says, were almost to "consider things too curiously."

The falls in this romantic vicinity are among the most striking objects that meet the view. Those of Fender, in the grounds of Blair Castle, her Majesty has visited with Lady Glenlyon. They are formed by a burn falling into the waters of Tilt. The gushing stream and the rugged grandeur of the landscape may well fix the admirer of the beauties of nature. More rich, varied, and sublime objects are seldom thrown together by

"The pomp and prodigality of Heaven,"

to charm the observant eye, and lead the mind of the beholder to contemplate the author of our being in the magnificence of his inanimate creation.

THE ENLIGHTENED SPANIARDS IN MEXICO.

Prescott, in his *History of Mexico*, gives a striking picture of the representatives of a refined and learned nation among an ignorant and unenlightened people. He tells us:—

"At the time of the arrival of the Spaniards, great quantities of these manuscripts were treasured up in the country. Numerous persons were employed in painting, and the dexterity of their operations excited the astonishment of the conquerors. Unfortunately, this was mingled with other, and unworthy feelings. The strange, unknown characters inscribed on them excited suspicion. They were looked on as magic scrolls, and were regarded in the same light with the idols and temples, as the symbols of a pestilent superstition, that must be extirpated. The first archbishop of Mexico, Don Juan de Zumarraga—a name that should be as immortal as that of Omar—collected these paintings from every quarter, especially from Texcoco, the most cultivated capital in Anahuac, and the great depository of the national archives. He then caused them to be piled up in a 'mountain heap'—as it is called by the Spanish writers themselves—in the marketplace of Tlatelolco, and reduced them all

to ashes! His greater countryman, Archbishop Ximenes, had celebrated a similar *auto-da-fé* of Arabic manuscripts, in Granada, some twenty years before. Never did fanaticism achieve two more signal triumphs, than by the annihilation of so many curious monuments of human ingenuity and learning! The unlettered soldiers were not slow in imitating the example of their prelate. Every chart and volume which fell into their hands was wantonly destroyed; so that, when the scholars of a later and more enlightened age, anxiously sought to recover some of these memorials of civilisation, nearly all had perished, and the few surviving were jealously hidden by the natives. Through the indefatigable labours of a private individual, however, a considerable collection was eventually deposited in the archives of Mexico; but was so little heeded there, that some were plundered, others decayed piecemeal from the damps and mildews, and others again were used up as waste paper!"

MEXICAN IDOLATRY.

Quetzalcoatl was a god of the air, a divinity who, during his residence on earth, instructed the natives in the use of metals, in agriculture, and in the arts of government. He was one of those benefactors of their species, doubtless, who have been deified by the gratitude of posterity. Under him the earth teemed with fruits and flowers, without the pains of culture. An ear of Indian corn was as much as a single man could carry. The cotton, as it grew, took, of its own accord, the rich dyes of human art. The air was filled with intoxicating perfumes, and the sweet melody of birds. In short, these were the halcyon days, which find a place in the mythic systems of so many nations in the Old World. It was the *golden age* of Anahuac. From some cause, not explained, Quetzalcoatl incurred the wrath of one of the principal gods, and was compelled to abandon the country. On his way he stopped at the city of Cholula, where a temple was dedicated to his worship, the massy ruins of which still form one of the most interesting relics of antiquity in Mexico. When he reached the shores of the Mexican gulf, he took leave of his followers, promising that he and his descendants would revisit them hereafter, and then entering his wizard skiff, made of serpents' skins, embarked on the great ocean for the fabled land of Tapallan. He was said to have been tall in stature, with a white skin, long, dark hair, and a flowing beard. The Mexicans looked confidentially to the return of the benevolent deity; and this remarkable tradition, deeply cherished in their hearts, prepared the way for the future success of the Spaniards.

Human sacrifices were adopted by the

Aztecs early in the fourteenth century, about two hundred years before the Conquest. Rare at first, they became more frequent with the wider extent of their empire; till, at length, almost every festival was closed with this cruel abomination. These religious ceremonials were generally arranged in such a manner as to afford a type of the most prominent circumstances in the character or history of the deity who was the object of them. A single example will suffice. One of their most important festivals was that in honour of the god Tezcatlepoça, whose rank was inferior only to that of the Supreme Being. He was called "the soul of the world," and supposed to have been its creator. He was depicted as a handsome man, endowed with perpetual youth. A year before the intended sacrifice, a captive, distinguished for his personal beauty, and without a blemish on his body, was selected to represent this deity. Certain tutors took charge of him, and instructed him how to perform his new part with becoming grace and dignity. He was arrayed in a splendid dress, regaled with incense, and with a profusion of sweet-scented flowers, of which the ancient Mexicans were as fond as their descendants at the present day. When he went abroad he was attended by a train of the royal pages, and as he halted in the streets, to play some favourite melody, the crowd prostrated themselves before him, and did him homage as the representative of their good deity. In this way he led an easy, luxurious life, till within a month of his sacrifice. Four beautiful girls, bearing the names of the principal goddesses, were then selected to share the honours of his bed; and with them he continued to live in idle dalliance, feasted at the banquets of the principal nobles, who paid him all the honours of a divinity. At length the fatal day of sacrifice arrived. The term of his short-lived glories was at an end. He was stripped of his gaudy apparel, and bade adieu to the fair partners of his revelries. One of the royal barges transported him across the lake to a temple which rose on its margin, about a league from the city. Hither the inhabitants of the capital flocked to witness the consummation of the ceremony. As the sad procession wound up the sides of the pyramid, the unhappy victim threw away his gay chaplets of flowers, and broke in pieces the musical instruments with which he had solaced the hours of captivity. On the summit he was received by six priests, whose long and matted locks flowed disorderly over their sable robes, covered with hieroglyphic scrolls of mystic import. They led him to the sacrificial stone, a huge block of jasper, with its upper surface somewhat convex. On this the prisoner

was stretched. Five priests secured his head and his limbs; while the sixth, clad in a scarlet mantle, emblematic of his bloody office, dexterously opened the breast of the wretched victim with a sharp razor of *itztli*—a volcanic substance, hard as flint—and inserting his hand in the wound, tore out the palpitating heart. The minister of death, first holding this up towards the sun, an object of worship throughout Anahuac, cast it at the feet of the deity to whom the temple was devoted, while the multitudes below prostrated themselves in humble adoration. The tragic story of this prisoner was expounded by the priests as the type of human destiny, which, brilliant in its commencement, too often closes in sorrow and disaster.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF BURLINGTON.



Creation.—10th September, 1831.

Arms.—Sa., three harts' heads, caboshed, ar., attired, or, on an escutcheon of pretence sa., a lion passant guardant or, between three helmets arg.

Crest.—On a mount vert, a buck, statant ppr., wreathed round the neck with a chaplet of roses, arg. and az.

Supporters.—Two stags ppr. attired and unguled or.

Motto.—*Cavendo tutus*, "Safe from caution."

William Cavendish, fourth duke of Devonshire, K.G., espoused, while marquiss of Hartington, the lady Charlotte Boyle, youngest daughter, and eventually heir, of Richard, fourth earl of Cork, and last earl of Burlington of the Boyle family, by whom he had three sons and one daughter. The youngest son, lord George Augustus Henry Cavendish, born March 31, 1754, inherited the Burlington estates, and after representing the county of Derby for several years in parliament, was created, by letters patent, dated September 10, 1831, baron Cavendish, of Keighley, and earl of Burlington. His lordship married, February 27, 1782, lady Elizabeth Compton, daughter and heiress of Charles, seventh earl of Northampton, and by her ladyship had four sons and two daughters. He died, May 9, 1834, and was succeeded by his grandson William Cavendish, the present

earl. He was born April 27, 1808, and married, August 6, 1829, Georgiana, fourth daughter of George, present earl of Carlisle, and has issue, William, lord Cavendish, born July 22, 1833, and other children. His lordship is chancellor of the University of London.

The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguerite," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.—BREAK OF DAY.

(Continued.)

The door was opened, and Gabriel entered, who immediately threw himself into Agricola's arms, exclaiming, "My brother!"

"Gabriel! after so long an absence," cried Agricola; "and you have at last arrived!"

Dagobert, moved by the marks of brotherly love, felt his eyes moistening. There was, indeed, something touching in the affection of these two individuals, with similar hearts, but with character and aspect so different; for the manly countenance of Agricola showed more forcibly the delicate and angelic physiognomy of Gabriel.

"What is that you have on your forehead?" said the blacksmith, after fixing his eyes attentively on the missionary, "and on your hands also. Look, father!"

"Who has wounded you thus, my child?" said Dagobert, "Tell us how it happened?"

"Do not trouble yourself about this," said Gabriel, blushing; "when I was on a mission amongst the savages of the Rocky Mountains, they crucified me, and had begun to scalp me, when Providence rescued me from their hands."

"Unfortunate child," said Dagobert, "you were without arms; where were your companions?"

"We never carry arms," said Gabriel, smiling, "and there was no one with me, with the exception of a guide."

"How; you went alone and unarmed into such a barbarous country?"

"From force faith never springs; persuasion alone can spread evangelical truths amongst these poor savages."

"But when persuasion is of no avail," said Agricola.

"Then, my brother, we die for our belief, pitying those who injure us; we suffer in the cause of humanity."

A few moments' silence ensued. Dagobert knew too well what courage was, not to understand the calm and resigned heroism of the young missionary; and both he

and Agricola looked at him with admiration mingled with respect. Gabriel, without affectation or false modesty, demanded, ignorant of what was transpiring in the breast of the old soldier, "What was the matter?"

"What is the matter!" exclaimed the veteran, "after being at the wars for thirty years, I thought myself as brave as any one; but I have found one braver than I. Do you know that these heroic wounds are far more glorious than our's; we are fighters by profession."

"Yes, my father," said Agricola, in an exalted tone, "such are the priests that I could love, that I would venerate—charity, courage, and resignation."

"O, do not extol me too much," said Gabriel.

"Extol you!" said Dagobert, "extol you for courage which excels everything. When we face the enemy, it is amidst the beating of drums, the roaring of cannon, with the emperor or an officer observing each of our actions, and should we succeed in accomplishing a deed of valour, reward attends us; but you, to front an enemy fifty times more ferocious, and to be tortured and put to death, without hatred, without anger—pardon in your mouth and a smile on your lips. And all this done in solitude, and for what? for nothing!"

"You are right, father," said Agricola, "his bravery and his wounds will not change his gown into a bishop's robe."

"I am not so disinterested as I appear," said Gabriel, with a soft smile, "if I am worthy, a recompense is waiting for me above."

"As for that, my boy," said Dagobert, "I know little about it; but this I know, that my cross of honour would become your robe as well as it would my coat."

"Those recompenses, father," said Agricola, "are never bestowed on humble priests, such as Gabriel; "ah, if you knew how much virtue and how much good lie hid at the heart of the humble curate—of those who are ignominiously termed the "lower clergy"—how much sterling worth and devotedness are to be found in those worthy country curates, who are inhumanly treated, and writhe under the yoke of their bishops. Like us, those poor curates are the labourers for whom every generous heart ought to feel, and every honest man to demand amelioration. Like us, they are the sons of the people, and justice ought to extend itself to all. Is that not true? You cannot deny, my brother, that your ambition is to be a country curate, for you know how much good you could do in such a vocation."

"My wish has never changed—but, unfortunately . . ." Gabriel here inclined his head, and remained silent.

"Poor brother—but how did you get out of the hands of the savages?"

At that question, Gabriel trembled, and his face became red.

"Never mind answering," said Dagobert, perceiving the sudden change, "if it gives you the least uneasiness."

"I have nothing to hide from either of you; but it is difficult to explain that which I do not understand myself."

"How is that?" said Agricola, in surprise.

"Without doubt," said Gabriel, "my enfeebled mind, when waiting death with resignation, must have deceived me, otherwise I would have known who the woman was."

"It was a woman who rescued you from the hands of the savages," said Dagobert, in surprise.

"Yes," said Gabriel, absorbed in thought, "a beautiful young woman."

"Who was that woman?" demanded Agricola.

"I do not know. When I asked, she replied, 'I am the sister of the afflicted.' I demanded where she was going, and she said, 'I go where there is suffering, and she continued her way towards North America—towards that desolate place where the snow is eternal, and where night ever reigns.'"

"As in Siberia," said Dagobert, becoming pensive.

A gentle tap at the door renewed the fears of Agricola, who had forgotten all in his joy at seeing his adopted brother.

"Agricola," said a soft voice, "I wish to speak with you immediately."

Agricola rose, and went to the door.

"O, Agricola," said the Mayeux; "how late it is, and you have not yet left. I have been watching up to the present time, and have seen nothing; but they might come in an instant, and arrest you."

"If it had not been for Gabriel, I would have left before this."

"Gabriel here! How fortunate! He must have passed up stairs when I went to your mother to see if she wanted anything. Now, Agricola, do set out; but, first, give this letter to your father; your mother has just received it. I shall go and watch at the door—do make haste."

"Do not be uneasy. I shall start immediately."

The Mayeux went down stairs, and Agricola went to his father, saying, "Here's a letter for you."

"For me; read it."

"Madame—I learn that your husband is engaged by General Simon in an affair of the greatest importance. As soon as he arrives, tell him to repair to my study at Chartres, without the least delay. I am commissioned to give to him, and to no

other, papers indispensable to the interests of General Simon.

"DURAND, Notary at Chartres."

Dagobert looked at Agricola in surprise, saying, "Who could have told this man of my arrival?"

"Perhaps the notary whose address you lost, and to whom you sent your papers."

"His name was not Durand, and he was notary at Paris instead of Chartres. However, if he has important papers—"

"I think it will be as well for you to set out as soon as possible," said Agricola, happy at the circumstance, which would cause his father to leave town for at least a couple of days.

"Well, I think your advice is good, and I shall follow it. I should like to pass the day with you. It is singular—it is vexing—but, perhaps, it may lead to good. Happily, I can leave Rose and Blanche with my good wife; and their dear angel Gabriel must pay them an occasional visit."

"Unfortunately, that will be impossible," said Gabriel, with sadness. "I come to inform you of my return; also, to bid you farewell."

"How! farewell!" exclaimed Dagobert and Agricola, at the same time. "Go away so soon! Impossible!"

"It is true!" said Agricola, suppressing a sigh. "I shall not see you again for a long time."

"Hold, my brave boy!" said the soldier, with emotion. "There is something in your conduct which tells me that you are oppressed, ill-treated. I don't like that man, whom you called your superior at the Château de Cardoville. He has a forbidding countenance; and, believe me, I am sorry to find you enrolled under such a captain."

"You must excuse me, father," said Agricola, who started at the name of Château de Cardoville, "it is getting late, and I promised to be at the shop at eight o'clock."

"That is true, my son. Go—good bye. I shall see you on my return from Chartres."

"One word more, my brother," said Gabriel, who had remained a few moments pensive and silent, "I want your counsel and your aid—and your's also, my father. Yes, I shall require the aid of two men of resolution. May I not rely upon you two. At whatever hour, on whatever day it may be, a word shall bring you to my aid."

"At all hours," Dagobert said, "we are at your command, my brave son. In us you have a father and a brother."

"Thanks, thanks; you have made me happy."

"If it were not for your black robe," said Dagobert, smiling, "I might think that

you were going to take a part in a fearful duel."

"A duel!" said the missionary, shuddering. "Perhaps a strange, terrible duel will take place, at which I shall require two witnesses such as you,—a father and a brother."

A few minutes afterwards Agricola hastened to Mademoiselle de Cardoville's, where we shall conduct the reader.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE PAVILION.

Eight o'clock struck on the neighbouring church; a lovely winter's sun rose behind the leafless trees, which, in summer, had formed a verdant dome above the small pavilion, called Louis the Fifteenth. The door of the vestibule was open, and the rays of the sun fell upon a lovely creature, who had at her feet a small English dog, belonging to the species that is styled King Charles's breed. The name of the young girl was Georgette; that of the dog, Lutine. Georgette was about eighteen, and never did a Byron depict, or a Molière imagine such a bewitching creature, such a quick eye, such a wicked smile, such white teeth, rosy cheeks, coquettish form, little feet, and such a fascinating gait.

Although it was early, Georgette was tastefully and neatly dressed. A small Valenciennes bonnet, ornamented with rose-coloured ribbons, sat gracefully on her fair hair, which shaded her fresh and piquant face; she wore a lavender gown, fastened in front, designing a neat, round, well-shaped waist, as pliable as a reed; her short sleeves, trimmed with lace, exposed a plump, white arm, which was partly concealed by long Swedish-skin gloves, that served to screen it from the inclemency of the weather. While Georgette lifted up her gown to descend the steps, she exposed to the indifferent eye of Lutine, a fine shaped ancle, and a neat little foot.

Lutine, which the reader will remember was happily found by the blacksmith, was no sooner at liberty, than it barked, bounded, and ran in playfulness amongst the long grass, while Georgette, appearing as lively as her handsome little companion, ran after it, and caused herself to be pursued in turns athwart the velvet sward.

Suddenly a second person appeared, the grave aspect of whom put a sudden stop to the amusement of Georgette and Lutine. The little King Charles was a few steps in advance, and hardy as a devil, faithful to his name, stood firm on his legs, showing the enemy a row of well-set ivory teeth.

The enemy consisted of a woman beyond the prime of life, who was accompanied by a fat, light-brown lap-dog, that was called Monsieur. She was the waiting-maid of

the Princess de Saint-Dizier, was of the middle size, and exceedingly corpulent. The age, the countenance, and costume of each of the females, contrasted strangely, which contrast was as observable in their two companions; for there was as much difference between Lutine and Monsieur, as there was between Georgette and Madame Grivois. When the latter saw King Charles, she started in surprise, which movement did not escape the young girl.

Lutine looked at Monsieur, which was twice his size, with an air of defiance, and advanced towards him; but the latter took refuge behind his mistress.

"I think you might find something better to do, Mademoiselle," said Madame Grivois, sharply, "than to set your dog upon mine."

"I suppose it was to avoid this occurring, that you chased Lutine out of the garden, with the intent of causing him to be lost; happily, an honest blacksmith found him, and brought him home to his mistress. But, Madame, to what fortunate event am I indebted for this early visit?"

"I come from the Princess, on matters of importance, therefore, must see Miss Adrienne immediately."

Georgette tried to hide her embarrassment, by replying with an air of assurance—

"Mademoiselle went to bed late last evening, and she told me not to disturb her before noon."

"That may be; but, as it is her aunt's orders, you'd better go, Mademoiselle, and awake your mistress."

"My mistress receives orders from no one, and I shall not disturb her till noon."

"Then I shall go myself."

"Florine will not open the door to you, and I have the key of the hall-door, so that no one can get near her."

"How! you dare prevent me from executing the Princess's orders?"

"Yes; I dare commit the crime of not allowing you to awake my mistress."

"Ah, such are the results of the kindness of the Princess to her niece. Mademoiselle Adrienne no longer respects her aunt, and is now surrounded by a parcel of gay young spit-fires, who dress themselves every morning as if they were going out on hunting excursions."

"Ah, Madame! how dare you speak about dress; you, who formerly were the most coquettish, the most airy of all the Princess's servants. That has been told here from generation to generation, even to our days."

"What do you mean, impertinent girl, by generation to generation?"

"I mean generations of chambermaids; for, with the exception of yourself, no one could ever remain more than two or three

years with the Princess. She had too many qualitates for these poor honest girls."

"I command you, Mademoiselle, not to speak in such a way of my mistress, whose name should only be uttered on the bended knee."

"Why, people will speak of what they see and hear. No farther back than yesterday evening, a carriage stopped a few steps from the house, and a mysterious personage, enveloped in a mantle, came out, knocked discreetly—not at the door, but on the window of the lodge—and at half-past one o'clock the coach was still there, waiting for the mysterious personage, who, during that time, was probably pronouncing, as you wish it, the name of the Princess on his bended knee."

Whether Madame Grivois was ignorant or not of the visit that M. Rodin had paid her mistress, she only shrugged her shoulders, saying, "I do not know what you mean, Mademoiselle. I did not come here to listen to your idle tales. What do I see!" she added, in exclamation, "Mademoiselle Adrienne enter the house at eight in the morning. If I had not seen her, I would not have believed it."

"Mademoiselle Adrienne! you saw Mademoiselle Adrienne!" said Georgette, bursting into a fit of laughter. "Ah! I understand. You wish to improve upon my story of the coach and the mysterious personage. Well, it is clever."

"I tell you that I saw her. I knew her by her walk, her bonnet, and her cloak. I assure you that you, nor Florine, nor Heba, will remain twenty-four hours longer here. I will go immediately to the Princess, who will put an end to this abominable conduct. To be out all night—to return at eight in the morning!"

Madame Grivois would not listen to a reply, but hastened to the Princess to tell her what she saw; while Georgette hurried to her mistress to inform her that Madame Grivois had seen, or believed that she had seen, her enter by the garden door.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ADRIENNE'S TOILET.

An hour had elapsed since Madame Grivois had seen, or believed that she had seen, Mademoiselle Adrienne enter by the garden gate.

In order that the reader may understand the foregoing passages, it will be necessary to give an idea of the original character of Mademoiselle de Cardoville. That originality consisted in an exceedingly independent spirit, an innate horror of all that was ugly, a desire to surround her person with all that was lovely and attractive. She was not satisfied with that alone which pleased the eye; the harmony of song, the melody of instruments, the cadences of

poesy, caused her infinite pleasure, whilst a harsh voice or a discordant noise gave her pain. She was also passionately fond of flowers, and enjoyed their perfumes as she did the sweet concord of sounds.

Mademoiselle Adrienne loved all with moderate discretion; she distinguished herself by cultivating and refining the senses which God had given her, and her desire for grace and elegance, for physical beauty, was not more than her adoration of the beauty of the mind.

The toilet chamber of Adrienne, was a sort of temple, which one might have imagined had been erected to the worship of beauty. At the bottom of the room, facing the mantle-piece, were large white marble vases, in which were the most choice flowers that embalmed the air, and, in each corner, were groups of Daphnes and Chloes of exquisite sculpture.

Adrienne, who had just come from her bath, was seated near her toilet, her three maids surrounding her. From some caprice, or rather as a natural consequence of her love of beauty and harmony, she had chosen three lovely girls as servants, Georgette, Heba, and Florine, who were dressed in an original, coquettish, and pleasing manner.

Georgette busied herself in combing the golden hair of her mistress; Heba, one knee on the ground, and the little foot of her mistress on the other, was putting on a small satin shoe; Florine, at a short distance, was holding in her hand, a box of perfume, with which Adrienne rubbed her delicate and beautifully tapered fingers; while Lutine, sitting in her mistress's lap, seemed observing with serious attention the different phases of the toilet.

Whilst the young girls were dressing Adrienne, the latter took up a letter which was sent her by the steward of the Château de Cardoville, and read as follows:

"Mademoiselle,—Knowing your generous and good heart, I take the liberty of addressing you in confidence. For twenty years I served the late duke, your father—I think I may say, with zeal and probity. The château is sold, so that my wife and I, without resources, are about to be set adrift upon the world. At our age, Mademoiselle, it is hard; very hard."

"Poor people," said Adrienne, "my father often extolled their devotedness and probity." She continued,

"We might have escaped this cruel treatment by committing a base act; but, whatever should happen, neither my wife nor I would accept a loaf purchased at such a price.

"To explain, Mademoiselle, the unworthy act, by doing which, I was to retain the

stewardship, I must tell you, first, that a few days ago, a M. Rodin came here.—"

"Ah, M. Rodin, the secretary of the abbot, Aigrigny," interrupted Adrienne, "then there's certain to be perfidy and black intrigue. Let us see:—"

"M. Rodin came from Paris to tell us that the estate was sold, and that we would retain our place, if we succeeded in persuading the lady who had purchased the land, to accept an unworthy priest for her confessor; and, in order to accomplish this end, we were to calumniate an excellent man who is respected by all. You know, Mademoiselle, that we could not hesitate. We shall leave Cardoville; where we have been for twenty years, but we shall leave it honestly. Then, Mademoiselle, if you, who have always been kind and good, could secure a place for us with any of your wealthy friends, you will free us from great embarrassment."

"Certainly, it will not be in vain that you have applied to me," said Adrienne. "To rescue those honest people from the clutches of M. Rodin, is at once a duty and a pleasure; besides it will thwart those who are powerful, and who oppress."

"After speaking to you about myself, let me now implore your protection for others. We must not only think of ourselves. Three days ago, two vessels were wrecked on our coast, and the few who escaped were brought to the château. Several of these parties set out for Paris, but there is one, whose wounds prevented him from leaving. He is a young Indian prince, who appears to be as good as he is handsome."

"A young Indian prince, good as he is handsome!" exclaimed Adrienne, gaily; "this shipwrecked Adonis of the Ganges has already excited my sympathy. Let us see:—"

"One of his countrymen, who seldom leaves him, and who is communicative, told me, that he had lost all he possessed in the wreck, and that he did not know how to reach Paris, where his presence was indispensable to his interest. It was not the prince that told me this; no, he never complains; it was his countryman, who also stated, that the young man had already suffered much; that his father, who was king in India, had lately been killed, and that the son had been dispossessed of his rights by the English."

"That is strange," said Adrienne, reflectively. "These circumstances bring to my recollection what my father used to tell me about one of our relatives who married an Indian king, whose cause General Simon, who has been lately created Marshal, espoused. But let us see if poor

Dupont gives the name of this handsome prince."

"I trust, mademoiselle, that you will excuse our indiscretion; but if you would send him a small sum of money to buy European clothes, for he has lost everything."

"European clothes!" exclaimed Adrienne. "Poor young prince. O, no! But the name—"

"Besides this, mademoiselle—if you would provide him with a small sum sufficient to enable him and his countryman to reach Paris, you will render a great service to that young prince, who has already suffered much. Should you wish to direct a letter to him, such is the way in which his countrymen write his name—'The Prince Djalma, son of Kadja Sing, King of Mundi.'"

"Djalma," said Adrienne, reflectively; Kadja Sing—yes, those are the names which my father often repeated in telling me that there was no one more chivalric or more heroic than the old Indian prince, our relation. And Djalma, my cousin, is brave, good, young, and handsome, and without resources. O, how fortunate I am. Georgette, quick, get pen and ink, and write to my dictation:—

"My dear Titian—You can render me a very great service, and you will do it, I am sure, with that cordiality which I have always experienced in you. You must go immediately to the artist who made my last costumes of the fifteenth century, and tell him to prepare a modern Indian costume for a young gentleman. You can take for your measure Antinous, or rather the Indian Bacchus—it will be more appropriate."

"This done, which must not exceed two or three days at most, you will go to the Château de Cardoville. The worthy steward, whom you know well, will conduct you to a young Indian prince, named Djalma. You will tell this high and puissant seigneur of another world, that you come on the part of a *friend incognito*, who, acting as a brother, sends him all that he requires. You must add that his unknown friend is anxiously waiting for him at Paris; then repair with this dear prince, who was born in the country of flowers and of diamonds, to the Rue de Babylone. You must not be astonished at this strange conduct, and you must tell the old respected steward that at the bottom of all this there is something more than apparent folly."

"Adieu, my old friend; I enclose an order upon my bankers for whatever sum you may require."

"ADRIENNE DE CARDOVILLE."

While Georgette was sealing the letter, Heba entered, saying that the workman who found Lutine wished to see her mistress; he was pale, and apparently very sad.

"Does he require my assistance already," said Adrienne. "That would be too fortunate. Show the honest blacksmith into the small pavilion; and you, Florine, take this letter to the post."

Mademoiselle de Cardoville, followed by Lutine, entered the pavilion where Agricola was.

(*To be continued.*)

MADELON LAPPERRIERE, THE TRUMPETER'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

BY WILL O' THE WISP.

(*Concluded from page 195.*)

Michael Angelo Muller was a very suspicious old gentleman, so it struck him that Madelon was rather in a hurry to get rid of him, and lest any one else should get there he determined to lock the door. The window had no fastening, but he put the picture of his donkey against it, and, then, turning to Madelon, said—"Now, mark me, ma'amselle; if, when I return, I find the least trace of any person having entered this room, I'll—I'll—I say if I catch any one here, sac—r—re, I'll grind him like yellow ochre." Having said this in a very solemn manner, he left the room, followed by Robin.

No sooner was he gone, than Madelon thought she heard a voice outside the window, and was advancing towards it, when a head was suddenly thrust through the donkey, and—"How do you do?" said Phillipot.

"What do you want?" said Madelon, in an alarmed tone. "Who are you?"

"Don't you know these eyes?"

"Ah! the young painter of Lyons."

"The same, ma'amselle. Will you not lend a hand to a struggling artist?" said Phillipot, getting through the picture. "Huzza! now give us a kiss."

"Not so free, sir, if you please," said Madelon, retiring.

"I beg your pardon. If I am to keep my distance as the nephew, perhaps you'll allow me to be more familiar as the uncle. 'Embrace me again, my dear child.'"

"What! had you the impudence to impose upon me—"

"A turtle-dove in the feathers of an owl," interrupted Phillipot.

"But how came you here again?"

"We'll talk of that by and bye. Here I am, dying with love and hunger; and heaven has sent me all I could wish for," said Phillipot, putting his arm round her waist.

"The woman I love, and the supper I adore; so come, my dear, time's precious, and my appetite's rather pressing."

"Mercy on us, I'm so afraid your uncle should return," said Madelon, sitting down to the table.

"Let him come," said Phillipot, opening a bottle of wine. "I would die a martyr to such a *stake* as this. Angel, what do you say to a glass of my uncle's 'particular'! Splendid wine—capital tippie—never knew the old brick had such good stuff in his house. Allow me to fill your glass; I'll give you—a short courtship and a merry wedding."

"Oh, my courtship is like to be short enough, though my wedding will not be very merry if I marry your uncle."

"Marry him; never, I swear it by Paul, Peter, and this piece of fine crust. Capital crust it is, too; the governor's coming out quite strong in the victualling department. I feel," continued he, taking another glass of wine, "I feel I could strangle my respectable uncle, and become a parricide for your sake."

"Why, that's only right," said Madelon, "for he swore if he found any rival here, he'd grind him like yellow ochre."

"Grind his own nephew. Inhuman monster! but I don't care; I'll face the old buffalo; I'll not flinch. I feel I've got the organ of firmness somewhere here," said Phillipot, feeling his head, "and that's an organ that no uncle can grind."

"We might contrive to escape discovery," observed Madelon, "if you had not torn that picture; that wretched ass will be our ruin."

"Stay," cried Phillipot. "That ass I've painted a thousand times, I left a copy of him, nearly finished, in this closet, before I went on my grand tour to Lyons." He ran into the closet, and brought it out.

"Truly," exclaimed Madelon, "tis as like the one in the window, as one drummer is to another."

"Twin brothers, my love; painted from the same abstract original. Observe, there is the same noble expression of countenance, the same lips, the same ears, the same everything; it only wants a few touches to make it complete, and then it shall take the place of the defunct animal, and nobody will know the difference."

This was accomplished. Madelon now asked where he was to hide.

"Where," was the ready reply; "you see that dummy there, I'll take his place; when I get on the torgery I'll look like an ancient Rum-un. Hark! there's uncle opening the street-door; where shall I fly?"

"To Julius Cæsar," said Madelon.

"Oh, hang Julius Cæsar, there's no time now. Ah! the chimney."

"For heaven's sake be quick," interrupted Madelon.

"I'm gone," said he, coming back. "Madelon, be firm, and if matters come to the worst, remember you've a friend in the flue."

So saying, he got into the capacious chimney, and Madelon threw herself in the chair, just as the artist entered, in a most woful plight—his clothes wet through, and his umbrella turned inside out.

Madelon seemed just awakened, and inquired what the commandant of the National Guard wanted.

"Sac-r-re," cried the artist, making a great many frantic efforts to shut the umbrella. "It was an infamous hoax; they laughed at me when I presented myself at the barracks: and one of the fellows had the audacity to call me an old fool. Stay, I am chilled; we must have a bit of fire here. Just a little cheerful blaze; I think there's a spark, dear, in the ashes."

"No, indeed, there's not! I saw the last spark that was there go up the chimney. But we don't want any fire—I'm quite warm. Are not you?" said Madelon, coaxingly.

"Oh, yes, to be sure," said the shivering artist. "Love makes one quite comfortable: but I'm dripping wet."

"Well," said Madelon, taking a napkin off the table, and turning her back to the fire-place, to give Phillipot a chance of getting into the recess. "I'll have you as dry as powder in the turning of a drum-stick; 'tis not the first time I've polished an old musket."

"Ah!" thought Muller, "she's growing kind; here's delicate attention."

The artist now really began to grow warm, and applied himself to make love. "In the peculiar situation in which we are placed," said he, "we ought to drive scandal away by immediately executing a contract of marriage. I've brought the form with me; we'll settle the business at once."

Sitting down at the table, he began to write, while Madelon sat opposite. "Contract of marriage between Michael Angelo Muller, artist, on the one part, and Madelon Lapperriere, spinster, on the other part, sheweth—pray snuff the candle, my dear. How did you do that?" cried the artist, as, in complying with his request, she snuffed it out.

"Beg your pardon."

"Well, no matter, there's some matches in the drawer somewhere," said Michael Angelo, fumbling in the table drawer.

In the meantime, Madelon took the contract off the table, and gave it to Phillipot, who slipped into the recess, drew the curtain, and immediately commenced dressing himself in the dummy's clothes.

By this time Muller had got a light, and missing the contract, asked Madelon where it was. She hadn't got it.

"It was upon that table," said the artist,

"when you snuffed out the candle. Will you—" at this moment his eyes rested on the remains of the supper, and catching the cover up in dismay, "Ah! who has eaten my supper? where's my pie?"

"Oh," said Madelon, "oh, I suppose 'tis gone on the recruiting service."

"And, can I believe my eyes, my bottle of wine gone, too?"

"You don't call that a bottle, 'tis only a cruet."

"What has become of it?" roared Michael.

"I drank it; 'tis a way we have in the army."

"But is it your way in the army to drink out of two glasses. You have had some one here in my absence; where's the villain?"

"Ask your representative there," said Madelon, pointing to the window.

"My faithful donkey," said the artist, going towards it, but recoiling with sudden alarm. "Ah, that's not my picture, 'tis a counterfeit, that animal has on a bridal, mine had not. I—I see it all—the forged order from the National Guard—the supper gone—all, all prove I've been cheated. You have deceived and betrayed me. Tremble for the consequences!"

"Tremble yourself," was the cool reply. "I don't know how."

"She's a perfect Amazon," thought he; I must try some milder method with her; everything depends upon getting her to sign the marriage contract to-night, or that infernal trumpeter—Ah! I have it, the authority of her father may induce her to comply, and Julius Caesar shall perform his character. Ma'amselle Madelon," said he, solemnly turning to her, "do you revere the memory of your gallant father?"

"I cherish it in my heart of hearts," was the fervent reply.

"Do you respect his wishes, ma'amselle?"

"As the voice of Heaven!"

"That father confided you to my care."

"And how did you discharge that trust?"

"Hem, hem, that's not the question now; in the last letter his hand traced, were these words: 'Muller, meaning me, watch over my yet unborn infant, I make you its guardian. Should it be a girl, bestow her hand, when she arrives at a suitable age, upon some man you approve.' I now offer you the hand of a man of whom I highly approve, *videlicet*, myself. You hesitate," he continued, as she averted her head; "behold, then, the image of your noble father, which a celebrated artist modelled twenty years ago." So saying, he withdrew the curtain, showing, not the dummy, as he supposed, but Phillipot, standing in attitude, with truncheon in hand. Without looking himself, he told Madelon to "regard those noble features. Listen to the author of your being," he continued, turn-

ing his back, and holding up the candle, "whose venerable image seems to say—" "Muller, you're an old rascal," said the figure, coming behind him, and blowing out the candle.

"Who's that? who put out my candle?" said Muller.

"The offended shade of your friend," was the reply.

"Oh," cried the artist, dropping the candle, "this is very awful."

"Repent your sins, you old savage," said the "shade," giving him a good thump with his truncheon.

"I—I do—I do, my friend."

"Particularly your treatment of that excellent young man, your nephew," added the intruder, hitting him a trifle harder.

"Spare me, good shade, and he shall have half my fortune," roared the artist.

"And will you promise to marry my daughter, Madelon, to him?"

"Do, dear sir, promise," suggested Madelon, "or the shade will knock your brains out."

"I promise everything," cried the trembling artist.

At this moment a trumpet was sounded at the door, which was opened, and Robin entered, carrying a light, followed by Achilles Lapromb, Madelon's foster-father, with his trumpet.

"Here's a noisy gentleman, master," said Robin.

"Silence in the ranks," said Achilles, blowing a blast that made Robin run out with his fingers in his ears.

"My dear papa," cried Madelon, "how glad I am to see you again."

"Her papa," said Muller, rising. "Why where's the angry shade of my friend?"

"He's here, uncle," cried Phillipot, coming forward, and throwing himself into attitude. "Regard these venerable features."

To express the artist's look would be impossible; his breath seemed quite taken away; at last he shouted—"So it was you, you reprobate, that painted that impostor ass; that robbed me of my supper, and almost of my wife; have I been cheated, bamboozled, and beaten by you, you dog? But I'll be revenged. I'll—" He seized his umbrella as he spoke, but before he could strike, Madelon had seized an old shield from the wall, and held it before him.

"Would you," she cried; "touch him if you dare."

"Splendid tableaux," cried Phillipot, "Achilles protecting the dead body of Patroclus."

"Very well, ma'amselle," said Muller, "you may take his part, but remember that you are dependent on me."

"Halt there," cried Lapromb. Here's a letter I received the very day Madelon left

Lyons, informing me that her grandfather, M. Leon, the banker, had died, and left her two hundred thousand francs a year."

"Confusion," muttered the artist, "the secret's out at last."

"And as she will be of age to-morrow," continued the trumpeter, "she will be at liberty to dispose of it as she pleases."

"Shall I," said Madelon, placing her hand in Phillipot's, "then here it goes."

"Huzza!" shouted that worthy, "another tableaux. Venus and Adonis. Blow the trumpet, papa."

"My dear nephew, allow me to congratulate you," whined that respectable artist, Michael Angelo Muller! "I always knew you'd come to something."

"Aye, aye, uncle, but 'twould have been to the hanging committee, if you had your way. However that is all in the background now—so give me your hand. When Madelon and I set up our establishment, you must come and live with us."

"Well, that is kind, but my dear gallery of asses, what's to become of them?"

"Bring all your friends with you, and you shall meet with a hearty welcome from Julius Caesar."

"Aye," said Madelon, "and free rations and quarters from the

TRUMPETER'S DAUGHTER."

UNROLLING A MUMMY LAST WEEK.

A mummy was unrolled at the Canterbury Theatre last week, by Mr Pettigrew, whose great experience in such affairs enables him, perhaps better than any man living, to illustrate the embalming practices of the ancient Egyptians.

In commencing his task, he remarked that the practice of thus preserving human remains was founded on the belief of the resurrection of the body, and by this means we were enabled to know more respecting the ancient Egyptians than we do of the people of much later ages. Whilst all that remained of the ancient Saxons in their barrows were a few crumbling bones, we could, in the Egyptian mummies that had been prepared two or three thousand years, ascertain not only the names and occupations of the deceased, but could even trace the line of their ancestry. The mummies that came from Thebes are considered to be the finest specimens of embalming, as they are more perfect than those from Memphis, where the air is more damp. Mr. Pettigrew, after describing with great minuteness the different kinds of embalming that were adopted, the most expensive of which cost about 225*l.* of our money, proceeded to explain the history of the mummy on which he was about to operate. It was brought from Thebes by

Captain Needham, and was purchased in London. The lower part of the case in which it was contained was destroyed. The hieroglyphics appeared to have been carelessly written, and it was with difficulty he had decyphered them. They consisted of seven lines, the two last of which could only be partially made out, though it was sufficient to show that those lines were a repetition in other forms of the preceding. The following is a literal translation of the hieroglyphics on the case. They consist principally of an invocation to the deities who presided over the process of embalment:—

"Royal offering to Anup, attached to embalment, and that he may give wax, clothes, manifestation all in altar, to go out in west happy. That he may give air, the movement of breath, for sake of Har (the name of the mummy), truth-speaking sun of Unnefer, child of lady of hous, Saherennob. Royal gift offered to Osiris, resident in the west, Great God, Lord of East, that he may give painted case, good one, in Nouteker. Oh support Maut, mistress living Nepthe, great one rejoicing in Totu with thy mother, the Heaven over thee be her name of Extender. That she may give thee to be with the God, annihilating thy enemies in the name of God, directing with other things all giving great in her name of water." The remaining two lines were imperfectly decyphered thus: "Great—her name of thy mother—over thee—in her name—thee to be with the God annihilating thy enemies in thy name of a God—that she may suffice—making Har son of Unnefer, truth-speaking, born of lady of house Saherennob."

Mr. Pettigrew commenced by making an incision through the pink cloth, or the covering down the whole length of the body. After the removal of a few folds of the cloth, he came to a black bituminous covering, consisting of cloth impregnated with bitumen, about one-twentieth of an inch thick. Under it was a pink covering, the same as at first, but in a whole sheet instead of being in bandages. Afterwards the bandages commenced, and occasionally small pieces of loose cloth were found which had been put in to fill up hollows, and to make the surface quite smooth. As the unrolling proceeded the bituminous matter with which the body was saturated penetrated more and more through the cloth, until it became impossible to unroll, and it was cleared away with knives—Mr. Pettigrew operating on the body, and his son, Dr. Pettigrew, on the head. The greatest interest was evinced by the spectators to witness the process, and from time to time pieces of the bandages were handed to the ladies in the boxes, but they

were all returned, as Mr. Pettigrew wished to ascertain the quantity that covered the body. In one part of the bandage some hieroglyphics were marked, indicating the name of the individual, and pieces of papyrus and lotus leaf were found, but the writing on the papyrus was obliterated by the bitumen. The cloth was linen of close and strong fabric, beautifully woven, and still strong enough to bear pulling without tearing. It had a peculiar and disagreeable smell; the harder substance nearer the body, which was impregnated with bitumen, was aromatic, and not unpleasant. This substance was scraped off with the knives, and in some instances a chisel was requisite to clear it away. The dust pervaded the atmosphere, and was inhaled by all persons near. After working assiduously for about an hour, the face was uncovered, and a part of the body, sufficiently to show its form. The arms, from which the flesh appeared to have shrunk, were crossed over the body. The face had been gilded, and a great part of the gold leaf still adhered to it. The eyes were hollow, the cheek bones high, but covered with skin; the lips were thin and half-opened, showing the teeth, and the mouth had the expression of a complacent smile, approximating to a laugh! The height of the mummy, which was that of a male, did not exceed five feet, and its weight, as nearly as I can judge, from assisting to lift it on to the table, was about 60lb., but there was still much of the covering to be removed. Dr. Pettigrew sawed off the back part of the skull, which was as hard as recent bones, to expose the interior, whence the brains had been extracted, and their place filled with pitch. The mummy was supposed by Mr. Pettigrew to belong to a period about five hundred years before the Christian era. When the uncovering had proceeded as far as was considered necessary, the mummy was raised on its feet, and presented to the company, and its erect appearance on the stage was received with enthusiastic applause!

FOOD IN THE DESERT.

In the persuasion that the European maxim, "Live and let live," may be turned to account, it would seem that the Arabs of the Desert have considerable talent for "trying it on," as it is called, and no objection to get their bread dishonestly. A recent traveller, whom we have already quoted, gives the following amusing instance of journeying from Jerusalem to Egypt. He says, "It had been arranged with my Arabs that they were to bring with them all the food which they would want for themselves during the passage of the desert, but as we rested at the end of

the first day's journey by the side of an Arab encampment, my camel-men found all that they required for that night in the tents of their own brethren. On the evening of the second day, however, just before we encamped for the night, my four Arabs came to Dthemetri, and formally announced that they had not brought with them one atom of food, and that they looked entirely to my supplies for their daily bread. This was awkward intelligence; we were now just two days deep in the desert, and I had brought with me no more bread than might be reasonably required for myself and my European attendants; I believed at the moment (for it seemed likely enough) that the men had really mistaken the terms of the arrangement; and feeling that the bore of being put upon half rations would be a less evil (and even to myself a less inconvenience) than the starvation of my Arabs, I at once told Dthemetri to assure them that my bread should be equally shared with all. Dthemetri, however, did not approve of this concession; he assured me quite positively that the Arabs thoroughly understood the agreement, and that if they were now without food, they had wilfully brought themselves into this strait, for the wretched purpose of bettering their bargain, by the value of a few para's worth of bread. This suggestion made me look at the affair in a new light; I should have been glad enough to put up with the slight privation to which my concession would subject me, and could have borne to witness the semi-starvation of the poor Dthemetri with a fine, philosophical calm, but it seemed to me that the scheme, if scheme it were, had something of audacity in it, and was well enough to try the extent of my softness. I well knew the danger of allowing such a trial to result in a conclusion that I was one who might be easily managed; and therefore, after thoroughly satisfying myself from Dthemetri's clear and repeated assertions that the Arabs had really understood the arrangement, I determined that they should not now violate it by taking advantage of my position in the midst of their big desert, so I desired Dthemetri to tell them that they should touch no bread of mine. We stopped and the tent was pitched; the Arabs came to me, and prayed loudly for bread; I refused them.

"Then we die!"

"God's will be done."

"I gave the Arabs to understand that I regretted their perishing by hunger, but that I should bear this calmly, like any other misfortune not my own—that in short I was happily resigned to their fate. The men would have talked a great deal, but they were under the disadvantage of

addressing me through a hostile interpreter; they looked hard upon my face, but they found no hope there, so at last they retired, as they pretended, to lay them down and die.

"In about ten minutes from this time I found that the Arabs were busily cooking their bread! Their pretence of having brought no food was false, and was only invented for the purpose of saving it. They had a good bag of meal which they had contrived to stow away under the baggage, upon one of the camels, in such a way as to escape notice."

This affair increased the respect which the Arabs showed towards their master, and he was enabled to reach Cairo without further interruption.

A CLOSE VIEW OF THE CELESTIALS.

Since peace was restored, we have gained opportunities of viewing the Chinese that were not possessed before. Always strange in their appearance, their ideas, though not wanting in ingenuity, appear to us as odd as their grotesque personal arrangements. Captain Arthur Conyngham has forwarded a very curious book on this subject. As aid-de-camp to Lord Saltoun, he had many advantages in his favour while making his inquiries. Some passages from his work will more than amuse, OFFENDED MODESTY OF A BRITISH AMAZON.

The war being upon an end, social visits were paid to the British.

"Upon one occasion, a party of young Chinese gentlemen were inspecting the military barracks of the Royal Irish. Of a sudden, the harmony of their visit was interrupted by the cries and screams of one of their number, who was seen flying across the barrack yard, loudly calling for help, pursued by no less fearful a personage than a certain Meg O'Flanigan, terribly *en dishabille*—a second Molly Maloney—with an immense broom-stick, and by no means contenting herself with the demonstration of this ugly weapon, she was applying it with extreme vigour, and screaming at the height of her voice, 'I'll teach the long-tailed black-ga-ard to spy upon the Irish girls.' It appeared that, prompted by a vain curiosity to view more narrowly a Fanquifo (a foreign devil-wife), he had been sufficiently rash to peep through the aperture of a half-closed door, where he said Mrs. O'Flanigan was in the act of performing her toilet, when, much to her surprise, she perceived a reflection in the glass of a long-tailed gentleman looking over her shoulder. The sequel is readily understood; to use her own expression, 'Faith, I made the long-tailed blackguard get out of that.' 'No wonder,' said the affrighted mandarin, on recovering himself a little, 'that the men

are such devils, when they are begotten by such she dragons."

MANILLA MANUFACTURERS.

Of the labouring classes, at Manilla, we are told, "The natives may be reckoned as industrious, perhaps more so than are generally seen within the tropics. The manufacture, for which they are so famous, of cigar-cases, and hats of a peculiar grass, has long been known and deservedly prized at home. The most intricate tartan plaid they will imitate with a faithfulness and dexterity truly surprising, and those who have received no instruction whatever in letters will work a name or a figure with these differently-coloured straws without the smallest deviation from any given pattern. We were, however, unprepared, to meet, amongst these rude people, with a fabric which as much surpasses in its texture the finest French cambric, as the latter does the commonest piece of Manchester cotton cloth. This latter is called pinna, pronounced pinia, being made from the finest fibres of the pine, beaten out, combed, and wove with a delicacy that it is impossible to rival, possessing, at the same time, an incredible durability. Its colour is white, slightly tinged with blue. Many months prior to our arrival, the great Parsee merchant of Bombay, who had lately been honoured by knighthood, Sir Jamsetjee Jegethoy, had directed an entire dress to be sent home, in order that he might present her Britannic Majesty with something that might be considered worthy the acceptance of his queen. We were fortunate enough to see it prior to its departure. The order had been for one large dress, and two or three small ones for the prince and princess, with an injunction from the munificent donor, that 3000 dollars' worth of labour should be expended upon it. I was assured by the merchant who undertook to execute it, that between thirty and forty women were employed for nine months, working the entire day, upon the tambour; and from the specimen we then saw, as also from having minutely watched their subsequent labour, I am not inclined the least to doubt the truth of what he told me, however exaggerated it may appear. Moreover, to ensure the due attendance of the fair doncellas of the needle, it had been customary to incarcerate a considerable portion of them every evening in a species of honourable confinement, being unable to trust the promises of their returning to such severe labour in the morning. It may not, however, be improbable but that some of my readers have been, ere this, gratified with the sight of the dress itself; in which case, they may have the satisfaction of knowing that they have seen the handsomest as well as the most expensive, ever worked in Manilla, perhaps in the world.

The handkerchiefs cost 60 dollars each—a curious circumstance, where, in this cheap country a whole family can live well for three or four dollars a month."

When Shakespeare said "What's in a name, we guess he never thought of such an appellation as Sir "Jamesetjee Jegethoy." That is a name indeed.

SUICIDE CONSIDERED HONOURABLE.

"GENERAL HÆLING.—It having been fully ascertained, to the entire satisfaction of the imperial mind, that the tartar General Hæling voluntarily sacrificed his life on account of the loss of the city of Chin-keang-foo, the emperor, in a late gazette, issues detailed directions for the highest honours to be paid to his memory, and munificent favours to be shown towards his wife and all his relations. A splendid temple in commemoration of his virtues and his unexampled bravery, is to be forthwith erected at Chin-keang-foo, and a tablet, with his name inscribed by the emperor's own hand, is to be suspended in the hall of the principal temple of Peking.

"Any one in the government employ having run the chance of incurring the censure of the first authority, or emperor (who is there styled by the appellation of the Siagoon), whether deservedly or not, or any individual who, by misfortune or bad management, has become deeply involved in his affairs, will gather together by invitation his friends and acquaintances, giving them, as far as his means can allow, an entertainment, which, in the case of wealthy government employes, is extremely magnificent; towards its conclusion he will take an impressive farewell of them and in their presence dispose of all his goods, &c., according to his wishes, as though he was about to travel to some distant land; which, in truth, in one sense, he is about too surely to do. He will then quietly seat himself down, and with one of the two swords, which in the higher grades of life they invariably carry (amongst whom this honourable custom is much in vogue), he rips his bowels open in the face of the whole company, who so far from dissuading him from the action either by entreaty or force, most highly applaud him; and so far from becoming an object of pity to them, he is the enemy of those who either are witnesses of the action, or to whom it is related."

GUDE OR DEVIL.

When the treaty had been concluded, the English were viewed with much curiosity. They certainly had done wonders, but the poor Chinese, we are told, thought them possessors of superhuman power. The Captain gives an amusing instance.

"I will here relate a most absurd story which was told me by an officer, at Nankin, and which will go far to show the fear

with which they were looked upon by this superstitious race. After my friend had visited the porcelain tower, being somewhat fatigued, he stepped into a barber's shop, and by the way of employing his time, he desired the barber to shave his head. This gentleman wore a wig, but which, for the sake of coolness, he had placed in his pocket. This operation, of shaving, so common in China, was speedily and readily executed—the barber seeming to be delighted with the honour of shaving one of the illustrious strangers. Previously to his leaving the shop, and while the man's attention was called in some other direction, my friend replaced his wig upon his head, little thinking of the result of this simple process; no sooner, however, had the barber turned round, and observed him, whom he had so lately cleared of every vestige of hair, suddenly covered with a most luxuriant growth, than, taking one steady gaze at him, to make sure he was not deceived, he let fall the razor, cleared his counter at a bound, and running madly through the crowd which was speedily collected, cried out that he was visited by the devil. No entreaties could induce him to return, until every Fauqui had left the neighbourhood; so palpable a miracle as this being, in his opinion, quite beyond the powers of all the gods or demons in the Bhuddist calendar."

The Gatherer.

Passport Regulations in Poland.—Warsaw, Aug. 21.—According to an Imperial ordinance which has just been published, no passports to foreign countries are to be granted to the inhabitants of the kingdom of Poland of both sexes before they have attained the age of 25. Excepted therefrom are merchants, their agents, carriers, children travelling with their parents or tutors, and wives travelling with their husbands; however, in consideration of a law of 1822, which prohibits the education of the young generation, care is to be taken that male children of the age from 10 to 18 do not leave the kingdom without a special permission, which is to be demanded of the Imperial Governor of the empire himself, and which is only to be granted in important cases.

Java Sugar.—A letter has been written to the East India and China Association by Mr. Lefevre, by direction of the lords of the committee of Privy Council for Trade, acquainting them, that no certificate signed by the officer of a foreign government will be received under the fifth clause of the sugar duties bill, passed in the present session of parliament; and also, that her Majesty's government has made arrange-

ments, which will take effect immediately on the arrival of letters despatched by the July mail, for the appointment of persons duly authorized to certify the origin of sugar in the following ports of the island of Java, viz.—Batavia, Samarang, and Sourabaya; and that a consul has been appointed for Manilla, who has repaired to his post by the same opportunity.

Curious Explosive Experiment.—If we were to take a cup, set it on a piece of board on the floor, and drop a single drop of chloride of nitrogen into it, and cover it with water; the mixture touched with a piece of hot iron would explode, the cup be broken in pieces, the water thrown about, and the piece of the cup on which the nitrogen lay be driven deep into the board.—*Athenæum.*

Gunpowder.—The elastic fluid produced by the firing of gunpowder is found, by experiment, to occupy a space at least 244 times greater than that taken up by the powder from which it was originally obtained. But from the heat generated during its explosion, this elastic fluid is rarefied to upwards of four times its former bulk. The expansive force of this fluid is, therefore, at the moment of conflagration, 1,000 times greater than that of common air.

The Prince's Dog.—The greatest men have their weaknesses. Peter the Great could not touch a lizard; Marshal Saxe almost swooned if a cat came too near; and king Gustavus Adolphus had a particular antipathy to spiders. Bernadotte is said to have felt an invincible repugnance to dogs, partly arising from the circumstance that a friend of his died from the bite of a mad dog, and partly from his having seen, on the field of battle, the corpse of another friend torn into pieces by dogs, among which was the deceased officer's own dog. The king's aversion to dogs was well known at court. The crown prince had a beautiful hound, which had been trained as soon as the king was seen at a distance, or whenever he heard the words, "The king is coming," to run away, or, if this was not possible, to hide himself under the furniture, where he lay quiet while the king remained in the room.

Magnitude of the Universe.—Herschel estimates the star "Lyra" to be more than 54,000 times larger than the sun, which fills a cubical space of 681,471,000,000,000,000 miles; 100,000,000 of such stars lie within range of the telescope, and between every two or three is an interval of more than 200,000,000,000 miles of space. Who can think of what lies beyond the telescopic view?

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